

they besought Patrick that they might behold the face of Christ. The saint replied: 'You cannot see the face of Christ unless you taste death, and unless you receive the Sacrifice.' They answered: 'Give us the Sacrifice, so that we may be able to behold our Spouse.' Then, adds the ancient narrative: 'When they received the Eucharist of God, they slept in death, and they were placed upon a couch arranged in their white baptismal robes.'

Seven years Patrick remained in Connaught, visiting every district, organising parishes, forming dioceses, instructing the chieftains and the people. From Connaught the saint passed to Ulster. The date is given as 440. In 444 he built his church at Armagh and selected it as his episcopal residence. Thence he passed into Munster, appointing bishops and ordaining priests as he went along, and there as in Connaught he spent seven years. He went directly to the seat of the King of Munster, and at 'Cashel of the Kings' he received a warm welcome from chiefs and brehons and people alike. While engaged in the baptism of the royal prince Aengus, son of the King of Munster, the saint, leaning on his crozier, pierced with its sharp point the prince's foot. Aengus bore the pain unmoved. When St. Patrick, at the close of the ceremony, saw the blood flow, and asked him why he had been silent, he replied, with genuine heroism, that he thought it was part of the ceremony, a penalty for the joyous blessings of the Faith that were imparted. On the banks of the Suir, and the Blackwater, and the Lee, whenever the saint preached during the seven years he spent in Munster, a hearty welcome awaited him. The ancient Life attests: 'After Patrick had founded cells and churches in Munster, and ordained persons of every grade, and healed the sick, and raised the dead to life, he bade them farewell, and imparted his blessing to them.' The words of this blessing, which is said to have been given from the hills of Tipperary, are very beautiful:

A blessing on the Munster people  
Men youths, and women;  
A blessing on the land  
That yields them fruit.

A blessing on every treasure  
That shall be produced on their plains,  
Without any one being in want of help,  
God's blessing be on Munster.

A blessing on their peaks,  
On their bare flagstones,  
A blessing on their gleus,  
A blessing on their ridges.

Like the sand of the sea under ships,  
Be the number of their hearths;  
On slopes, on plains,  
On mountains, on hills, a blessing.

### STORY OF FOUR CATHOLIC COMRADES

The story of the career of four Chesterfield chums (says the *Derby Times* of September 9), is a moving one. The first, Sergeant Coyne, has given his life for his country; the second, Corporal J. Williamson, has been reported wounded and missing; Sergeant Cronan has been wounded and has been awarded the D.C.M.; and Sergeant Cosgrove, who is also wounded, has been awarded the Military Medal, as was also Corporal Williamson a month before he was posted as missing. Strange to relate, all four were chums in Chesterfield, all attended the Catholic school in Spencer street, all enlisted four years ago (when war was little dreamt of) in the same regiment, the Scottish Rifles, familiarly known as the Cameronians, and all as members of that 'contemptible' but gallant little Army took part in the retreat from Mons and many of the subsequent battles which will be remembered as long as British history is read. It is a further coincidence that three of the four have won the Military Medal and one the D.C.M.

### THREE MONTHS IN A GERMAN MILITARY HOSPITAL

Three months in a German military hospital! Such has been the rather unique experience of the writer. How it came to pass may be described in a few words. Before the outbreak of the war (writes T.E. in *Studies*) I was in Mariahilf Hospital, in Aix-la-Chapelle, where I had undergone a serious operation. In the last days of July events moved quickly. August 1 saw the mobilisation ordered in Germany; August 4 the first violation of Belgian territory. Then came England's declaration of war. The long-dreaded European conflict had broken out, and I was a prisoner in the enemy's country.

A glance at the map will show that Aix-la-Chapelle is a German frontier town, quite close to the point where Germany, Holland, and Belgium meet. For this reason it was the natural starting point for the armies which wished to invade Belgium, while keeping Dutch territory inviolate. During the first days of August troops marched continually through the city, along the Lutlicher Strausse, and on to the frontier. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, baggage passed by in never-ending processions, all for Liege, where the cannon soon began to thunder forth. Then a backwash set in—the great stream of wounded who were transported in motors. Many came to Mariahilf, which was almost entirely converted into a military hospital. My impressions were gathered from those who arrived during the first three months of the war—i.e., up to the time when the battle of the Yser was at its highest. Friendships are quickly made in hospital, so that I was soon on intimate terms with many among the wounded, especially the officers. After some time I got well enough to be able to help them in many ways. I was not allowed to cross the frontier into Holland, so the consequence was that I spent most of my free time in the hospital, where I rendered any assistance I could to the wounded.

I should like here to testify to the excellent treatment I received at the hands of the Germans, even after the war had broken out. They were most kind to me, and very rarely was anything said which was calculated to hurt my personal feelings.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the people when war was declared. All factions ceased immediately: 'We are all Germans,' the Kaiser said in his speech at Berlin. The national songs were sung everywhere, *Die Wacht am Rhein* being easily the favorite. Occasionally one heard the Prussian National Anthem: *Heil dir im Siegerkranz*. Later on, when the immense difficulty of the work before them was realised, the soldiers gradually dropped the singing of the more defiant songs, and chose rather such deeply touching ones as *Morgenrot* and *Ich hatt' einen Kameraden*. Between the verses of the latter was inserted a delightful piece:

*Gloria! Victoria!*

*Die Vogeln im Walde, die singen so wunderschön:  
In der Heimat, da gibt es ein Wiederseh'n.*

I was told that occasionally the rendering, *kein Wiederseh'n* was used.

During the first weeks of the war people were intoxicated with the news of victories on all sides. One had the advance on Paris, the defeat of the French in Alsace, and of the Russians in the east; then came the capitulation of the great fortresses—Liege, Namur, Maubeuge. Everyone expected that Paris would quickly fall. Occasionally the papers had warned the public that the chief part of the fighting was yet to come, that the French Army was as yet intact. Then one day appeared an unconfirmed report of a great battle south-east of Paris. Nothing was known officially, but people suspected that this was the last stand of the French before finally abandoning Paris. Nothing more was heard from the west for a whole fortnight, and people became very uneasy. One day I was reading the *Cologne Gazette*, and saw in an obscure corner the heading: 'Sir John French's Report.' Of course